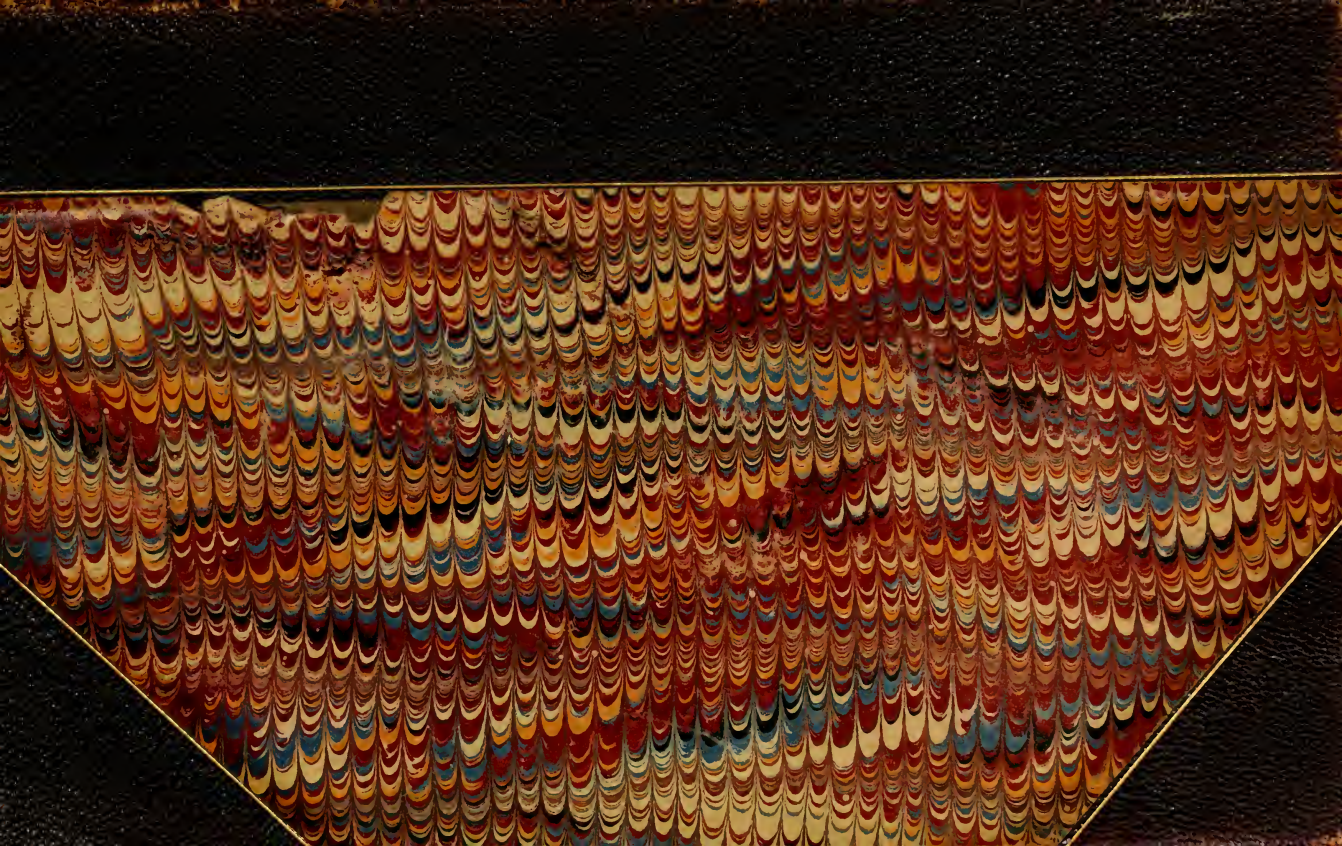

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MEMORIALS

OF A

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,

1820.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

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DEDICATION.

Dear Fellow-Travellers! think not that the Muse
Presents to notice these memorial Lays,
Hoping the general eye thereon will gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no — though free to chuse
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days,
She felt too deeply what her skill must lose.
For You she wrought; — ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with you abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount,
January, 1822.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Fish Women at Calais	1
Bruges	2
Bruges	3
After visiting the Field of Waterloo	4
Scenery between Namur and Liege	5
Aix-la-Chapelle	6
In the Cathedral at Cologne	7
Author's Voyage down the Rhine	8
Rhine	9
Hymn for the Boatmen, &c.	10
Recollection on the Heights of Hockheim	12
Source of the Danube	13
The Jung-frau, &c.	14
Memorial near Thun	15
On approaching the Staub-bach	17
The Fall of the Aar	18
Scene on the Lake of Brientz	19
Stanzas. Engelberg	20
Our Lady of the Snow	22
Town of Schwitz	25
On hearing the Ranz-des-Vaches on the Top of St. Gothard	26
The Church of San Salvador	27
Fort Fuentes	31
Italian Itinerant, &c.	33
Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci	40
Eclipse of the Sun	41
Cottage Girls	46
Column — Semplon Pass	50
Stanzas. Semplon Pass	51

Page

Echo on the Gemmi 54
Processions, &c 55
Elegiac Stanzas 60
Sky-prospect from the Plain of France 65
On being stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne 66
After Landing— the Valley of Dover 67

To Enterprize 71

Notes 83

Desultory Stanzas 95
Notes 101

SONNET.

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on Land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the Tide so long hath roll'd,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How terrible beneath the opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent! — Fear it not;
For they Earth's fairest Daughters do excel;
Pure unmolested beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot —
The undisturbed Abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell!

SONNET.

BRUGES.[1]

Bruges I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
'Tis passed away; — and now the sunless hour,
That slowly introducing peaceful night
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers her beauty, her magnificence,
And all the graces left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of Fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future War. Advance not — spare to hide,
O gentle Power of Darkness! these mild hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest Architecture, where the forms
Of Nun-like Females, with soft motion, glide!

SONNET.

BRUGES.[1]

The Spirit of Antiquity, enshrined
In sumptuous Buildings, vocal in sweet Song
And Tales transmitted through the popular tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined,
Strikes at the seat of grace within the mind:
Hence Forms that slide with swan-like ease along;
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined:
As if the Streets were consecrated ground,
The City one vast Temple — dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions freed;
A nobler peace than that in desarts found!

SONNET.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours; One whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought,
Hover'd in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished — All was joyless, blank, and cold;
But if from wind-swept fields of corn that roll'd
In dreary billows, from the meagre cot,
And monuments that soon may disappear,
Meanings we craved which could not there be found;
If the wide prospect seemed an envious seal
Of great exploits; we felt as Men *should* feel,
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

SONNET.

SCENERY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

What lovelier home could gentle Fancy chuse?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favorite play-ground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now along the silver Meuse
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the Swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks, clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still

SONNET.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Was it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew!
Why does this puny Church present to view
Its feeble columns? and that scanty Chair!
This Sword that One of our weak times might wear;
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
If from a Traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach *
Which Roland clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labor left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky Crescent bleach.

* "Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms — let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'Breche de Roland.'"

SONNET.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
This Temple — Angels governed by a Plan
How gloriously pursued by daring Man,
Studious that HE might not disdain the Seat
Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished Shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony: —
This vast Design might tempt you to repeat
Charms that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics — rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

SONNET.

AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE (THIRTY YEARS AGO).

THE confidence of Youth our only Art,
And Hope gay Pilot of the bold design,
We saw the living Landscapes of the Rhine,
Reach after reach, salute us and depart;
Slow sink the Spires, — and up again they start!
But who shall count the Towers as they recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye athwart?
More touching still, more perfect was the pleasure,
When hurrying forward till the slack'ning stream
Spread like a spacious Mere, we there could measure
A smooth free course along the watery gleam,
Think calmly on the past, and mark at leisure
Features which else had vanished like a dream.

SONNET.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

Amid this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart — while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart — and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:
Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,
May in fit measure bless my later days.

HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS, UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

Jesu ! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings — let them not
Drown the music of a Song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar !

Lord and Saviour ! who art seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
  Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
  Else we sleep among the Dead;
Traveller on the billowy Sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
  Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
  Let thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!

SONNET.

LOCAL RECOLLECTION ON THE HEIGHTS NEAR HOCKHEIM. [3]

ABRUPTLY paused the Strife ; — the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each Warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended — like a listening Scout.
O Silence ! thou wert Mother of a shout
That thro' the texture of yon azure dome
Clove its glad way — a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, thro' battle-smoke,
On men who gazed heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock.
Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen (themselves delivered from the yoke)
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

SONNET.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.[4]

Not (like his great compeers) indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life! The wandering stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid flight,
The vast Encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose rough winds Orpheus soothed; whose waves
did greet
So skilfully that they forgot their jars —
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece,
When the first Ship sailed for the golden Fleece;
Argo exalted by that daring feat
To a conspicuous height among the stars!

SONNET.

THE JUNG-FRAU5 — AND THE RHINE AT SHAUFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. — Smooth and green
And seeming, at a little distance, slow
The Waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood
Turned to a fearful Thing, whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke, with which he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies:
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his "ireful mood."

MEMORIAL,

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII."

Around a wild and woody hill
A gravelled path-way treading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.[6]

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
For silence and protection,
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West,
Sinking in summer glory;
And, while he sinks, affords a type
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

SONNET.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,[7] LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Tracks let me follow far from human-kind
Which these illusive greetings may not reach;
Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach
Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.
No Mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
That drives some vessel tow'rds a dangerous beach)
More thrilling melodies! no caverned Witch
Chaunting a love-spell, ever intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
And Idleness in tatters mendicant
They should proceed — enjoyment to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this pure, this sky-born Waterfall!

SONNET.

THE FALL OF THE AAR — HANDEC.

From the fierce aspect of this River throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy
Is more benignant than the dewy eve,
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

SCENE

ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"What know we of the Blest above
But that they sing and that they love?"
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest Damsels float
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled,
Each slumbering on some mountain's head,)
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of heaven, in order stand
The rustic Maidens, every hand
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid, —
To chaunt, as glides the boat along,
A simple, but a touching Song;
To chaunt, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in Love!

ENGELBERG.[8]

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of Fancy from her willing hands;
And even such beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first my eyes beheld that famous Hill
The sacred Engelberg, celestial Bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues
at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were
The very Angels whose authentic lays,
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
Made known the spot where Piety should raise
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain!

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Meek Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star upon the height
Of thy own * mountain set to keep
Lone vigils thro' the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded Offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

* Mount Righi.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferings that no longer rest
On mortal succour, all distrest
That pine of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Tho' plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled
"Our Lady of the Snow."

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A holy Shadow soft and dear
Of chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To Summer gladsomeness unkind;
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on! — a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

SONNET.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed — tho' lowly, bred
To dignity — in thee O Schwytz! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governed,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread!
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble Body's Head;
Thou, lodg'd 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its Heart;[9] and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O Schwytz, in happy freedom keep!

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

I LISTEN — but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet breath'd kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures deck'd
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous. — Here while I recline
Mindful how others love this simple Strain,
Even here, upon this glorious Mountain (named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence)
Aspiring thoughts by memory are reclaimed;
And, thro' the Music's touching influence,
The joys of distant home my heart enchain.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR[10], SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise,
From yon steep Mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?
— That, while the creature is sustained
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,
May hope to be forgiven.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn Cell to gaze;
Hail to the firm unmoving Cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the Chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Short-sighted Children of the dust
We live and move in sorrow's power;
Extinguish that unblest disdain
That scorns the altar, mocks the fane,
Where patient Sufferers bend — in trust
To win a happier hour.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomps of this frail "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old —
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

* *He*, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recal his daunted peers,

* Arnold Winkelreid, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.

Ye Alps, in many a rugged link
Far-stretched, and Thou, majestic Po,
Dimly from yon tall Mount descried,
Where'er I wander be my Guide,
Sweet Charity ! — that bids us think,
And feel, if we would know !

FORT FUENTES — AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKE OF COMO.

Dread hour! when upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,
This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone;

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)
When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,
Some Bird (like our own honoured Redbreast) may strew
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

Fuentes once harboured the Good and the Brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was
blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless Ascent —
O silence of Nature how deep is thy sway
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away!

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

1.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound — to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster-craft in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or thro' our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair

Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespear at his side — a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

2.

But thou, perhaps, (alert and free
Tho' serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou chuse this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Tho' robbed of many a cherish'd dream,
And crossed by many a shatter'd scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty!

Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recal a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have lov'd the bright-hair'd Boy!

3.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompence, and safe return
To Como's steeps — his happy bourne!
Where he, aloft in Garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,

That thro' the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.
— Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings! *he* whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled,
As with a rapture caught from heaven,
When Pity's unasked alms were given.

PART II.

1.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like Foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the Target stood — to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle-gun's report,
A startling thunder quick and short!
But, flying thro' the heights around,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
And, if there be a favoured hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The Tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,

On their Descendants shedding grace,
This was the hour, and that the place.

2.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
That drove Astræa from the earth.
— A gentle Boy — (perchance with blood
As noble as the best endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised;
Even by the sun and air unprized;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek,)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes
Of pleasure, by his silent Goats —
Sate far apart in forest shed,
Pale, ragged, bare his feet and head,
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the Saint he prays to, still.

Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty? if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence —
Father of All! if wilful Man must read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!

SONNET.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA — MILAN.

Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marr'd this Work, the calm etherial grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder — and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives; the brow, the cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters *, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

* "The hand
Sang with the voice, and this the argument." MILTON.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1821.

High on her speculative Tower
Stood Science waiting for the Hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Thro' regions fair as Paradise
We gaily passed, — till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, tho' of altered hue;
Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noon-tide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sun-light sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid: —

Or something night and day between,
Like moon-shine — but the hue was green;
Still moon-shine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curved shore,
Where gazed the Peasant from his door,
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps — it lay
Upon Lugano's ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers,
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that ærial host
Of figures human and divine, "
White as the snows of Apennine
Indùrated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees that might from heaven have flown;
And Virgin Saints — who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown;

Far-stretching files concentric rings
Each narrowing above each ; — the wings —
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height, [12]
All steeped in this portentous light !
All suffering dim eclipse !

Thus after Man had fallen, (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

See ! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun :
The cypress waves its sombre plume
More cheerily ; and Town and Tower,
The Vineyard and the Olive bower,
Their lustre re-assume !

Oh ye, who guard and grace my Home
While in far-distant Lands we roam,
Enquiring thoughts are turned to you;
Does a clear ether meet your eyes?
Or have black vapours hid the skies
And mountains from your view?

I ask in vain — and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour:
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling Power.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

1.

How blest the Maid whose heart — yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared — who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

2.

Such, (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's — first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chesnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

3.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl — who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,

And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
— Say whence that modulated shout?
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry! — rock and glade
Resounded — but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

4.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her step the elastic green-sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace
Be as thou art — for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains

That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The Patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares!

V.

* "Sweet Highland Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When Thou didst pass before my eyes,
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played
Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd!
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of Immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep, descried!

* See the Author's Miscellaneous Poems, Vol. II.

SONNET.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAYSIDE ON THE SEMPLON PASS.

Ambition, following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of Kingdoms to be won,
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone;
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown,
Vanity's hieroglyphic; — a choice trope
In fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power Divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguin'd heath:
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death!

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SEMPLON PASS.

Vallombrosa ! I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
To listen to Anio's precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath softened its roar;
To range thro' the Temples of Pæstum, to muse
In Pompeii, preserved by her burial in earth;
On pictures to gaze, where they drank in their hues;
And murmur sweet Songs on the ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
Could I leave them unseen and not yield to regret?
With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt?
Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness inurned,
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
Tow'rd the mists that hang over the land of my Sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright, like yon edging of Pine,
Black fringe to a precipice lofty and bare,
Which, as from behind the Sun strikes it, doth shine
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Tho' the burthen of toil with dear friends we divide,
Tho' by the same zephyr our temples are fann'd,
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:
Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
O joy when the girdle of England appears!
What moment in life is so conscious of love,
So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears?

SONNET.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

What Beast of Chase hath broken from the cover?
Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony,
As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit — and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Thro' the bleak concave, wakes this wonderous chime
Of aëry voices locked in unison, —
Faint — far off — near — deep — solemn and sublime!
So, from the body of a single deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
Or to solicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast futurity concealed;
And that the past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments;
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, — solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews, thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
Marched round the Altar — to commemorate
How, when their course they thro' the desart took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
Green boughs were borne, while for the blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
They uttered loud hosannas, — let the trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred Grove
Fed in the Lybian Waste by gushing wells,
The Priests and Damsels of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
While, in a Ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his Altar bore the horned God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
Aloft, yet in a tilting Vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomps? the haughty claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feast of Neptune — and the Cerèal Games,
With Images, and Crowns, and empty Cars;
The dancing Salii — on the shields of Mars
Striking with fury; and the deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybele was seen, sublimely turretted!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared, to govern Christian pageantries:
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chaunt of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
From a long train — in hooded vestments fair
Enwrapt — and winding, between Alpine trees
Spiry and dark, around their House of Prayer
Below the icy bed of bright Argentière.

But O the fairest pageant of a dream
Did never equal that which met our eyes!
The glacier Pillars with the living Stream
Of white-robed Shapes[13], seemed linked in solemn guise,
For the same service, by mysterious ties;
Numbers exceeding credible account
Of number, stood like spotless Votaries
Prepared to issue from a wintry fount;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who sent so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engirt with motion slow,
A product of that awful Mount did seem,
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;
Not virgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that on the turf did glide,
To that unmoving band — the Shapes aloft descried!

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, and unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned:
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

On arriving at Lausanne, we heard of the fate of the Young American, whose death is here lamented. He had been our companion for three days; and we separated upon Mount Righi with mutual hope of meeting again in the course of our Tour. GOLDAU, *mentioned towards the conclusion of this Piece, is a Village at the foot of Mount Righi, one of those overwhelmed by a mass which fell from the side of the mountain* ROSSBERG, *a few years ago.*

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen
Of Mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy Chapel, dwells
" Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had *ever* shown
A countenance that sweetly smiled,
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease,
With pleasure dancing through the frame;
All that we knew of lively care,
Our path that straggled here and there,
Of trouble — but the fluttering breeze,
Of Winter — but a name.

— If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days — but hush — no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale,
Asleep on Zurich's shore!

Oh GODDART! what art thou? — a name —
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise;
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep Lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised Slave,
A sea-green River, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old LUCERN.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted tow'rds the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathizing Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely sod to strew,
That lacks the ornamental care
Of kindred human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Trans-atlantic home:
Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss! — what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised — or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid Goldau's ruins bred;
Sweet as Eve's fondly-lingering rays,
On Righi's silent brow.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.

SONNET.

SKY-PROSPECT — FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo ! in the burning West, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat ! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done !
Yon rampant Cloud mimics a Lion's shape ;
There — combats a huge Crocodile — agape
A golden spear to swallow ! and that brown
And massy Grove, so near yon blazing Town,
Stirs — and recedes — destruction to escape !
Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Silently disappears, or quickly fades ; —
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth,
From all the fuming vanities of Earth !

SONNET.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.[14]

Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England — who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er?
Well — let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake — a dreaming Conqueror!
Enough; my Country's Cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the murmuring sea,
Of checked Ambition — Tyranny controuled,
And Folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

SONNET.

AFTER LANDING — THE VALLEY OF DOVER.

Nov. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
Which Faction breeds? the turmoil where? that past
Thro' Europe, echoing from the Newsman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greets us; — rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of Cattle free
To ruminate — couched on the grassy lea,
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not; enwrapt I gaze — with strange delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the Spirit to a calmer height,
And makes the rural stillness more profound.

TO ENTERPRIZE.

" The Italian Itinerant," &c. (*see page* 33.) *led to the train of thought which produced the annexed piece.*

TO ENTERPRIZE.

Keep for the Young the empassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on a chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
A slender Volume grasping in thy hand —
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate)
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon-light;
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I.

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRIZE.
Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When Hunter's arrow first defiled
The Grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or where the mightier Waters burst

From Caves of Indian mountains hoar !
She wrapp'd thee in a Panther's skin ;
And thou (if rightly I rehearse
What wondering Shepherds told in verse)
From rocky fortress in mid air
(The food which pleased thee best to win)
Didst oft the flame-eyed Eagle scare
With infant shout, — as often sweep,
Paired with the Ostrich, o'er the plain ;
And, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant Lion's mane !
With rolling years thy strength increased ;
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known,
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing Altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From Suppliants panting for the skies !

II.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god,
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field;
The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline;
Enflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the Ocean's dismal breast
A play-ground and a couch of rest;

Thou to his dangers dost enchain,
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
The Chamois-chaser — awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide serene
From cloud to cloud, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
Or, in their bells of crystal, dive
Where winds and waters cease to strive,
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep,
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
— Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste, —
Egyptian Tombs unlock their Dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head;
Thou speak'st — and lo! the polar Seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.

— But oh ! what transports, what sublime reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare
For philosophic Sage — or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating thro' the air,
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods ;
Nor grieves — tho' doomed, thro' silent night, to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams !

III.

Dread Minister of wrath !
Who to their destined punishment dost urge
The Pharoahs of the earth, the men of hardened heart!
Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
When they in pomp depart,
With trampling horses and refulgent cars —

Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge;
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands;
Or stifled under weight of desart sands —
An Army now, and now a living hill [16]
Heaving with convulsive throes, —
It quivers — and is still;
Or to forget their madness and their woes,
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

IV.

Back flows the willing current of my Song:
If to provoke such doom the Impious dare
Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?
— Bold Goddess! range our Youth among;
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
In hearts no longer young;
Still may a veteran Few have pride
In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet;

In fixed resolves by reason justified;
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,
While fields are naked far and wide.

V.

But, if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree,
One rarely absent from thy Train
More humble favours may obtain
For thy contented Votary.
She, who incites the frolic lambs
In presence of their heedless dams,
And to the solitary fawn
Vouchsafes her lessons — bounteous Nymph
That wakes the breeze — the sparkling lymph
Doth hurry to the lawn;
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me;

And vernal mornings opening bright
With views of undefined delight,
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

VI.

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
The wide Earth's store-house fenced about
With breakers roaring to the gales
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
Quicken the Slothful, and exalt the Vile!
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;
Glad Hope would almost cease to be
If torn from thy society;
And Love, when worthiest of the name,
Is proud to walk the Earth with thee!

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. Page 2. line 1.

Bruges.

THIS is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful City. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought
Rudely her splendid Structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When Mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

" But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man, — a second spring.

" When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

NOTE 2. Page 11. line 12.

Miserere Domine.

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy " THE REMORSE." Why is the Harp of Quantock silent?

NOTE 3. Page. 12. line 1.

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day: " When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted — not a gun was fired — not a voice heard: but they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the

events of the last 15 years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop, they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.

Note 4. Page 13. line 1.

Not (like his great Compeers) indignantly
Doth Danube spring to light!

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious Stone Basin upon the front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it, — and, entering the Garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a Stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the Spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

NOTE 5. Page 14. line 1.

The Jung-frau and the Rhine, &c.

This Sonnet belongs to another publication, but from its fitness for this place is inserted here also.

" *Voilà un énfer d'eau,*" cried out a German Friend of Ramond, falling on his knees on the scaffold in front of this Waterfall. See Ramond's Translation of Coxe.

NOTE 6. Page 15. line 11.

We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious, and too successful, attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

NOTE 7. Page 17. line 1.

On approaching the Staub-bach.

" The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to a sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a

bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall — and reminded me of religious services chaunted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times.

Note 8. Page 20. line 1.

Engelberg.

"Engelberg," the Hill of Angels, as the name implies. The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The Architecture of the Building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the Mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Note 9. Page 25. line 14.

Thou, lodg'd 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its Heart —

"Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion,) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign

Soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their Governors."

NOTE 10. Page 27. line 1.

The Church of San Salvador.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the Altar and the Image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands in the midst of the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the Traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. — Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps — unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

NOTE 11. Page 40. line 15.

Of what it utters —

" the hand
Sang with the voice, and this the argument."
MILTON.

Note 12. Page 43. line 10.

Of figures human and Divine.

The Statues ranged round the Spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by Persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup d'œil,* from the best point of view, which is half way up the Spire, must strike an unprejudiced Person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the Country in the imaginations and feelings of the Spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several Children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these, or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach. — Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the Plain of Lombardy between!

Note 13. Page 58. line 4.

The Glacier Pillars and the living Stream
Of white-robed Shapes —

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the Valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin — but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 Persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered Valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Note 14. Page 66. line 1.

The Harbour of Boulogne.

Near the Town of Boulogne, and overhanging the Beach, are the remains of a Tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western Expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And, at no great distance from these Ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army

of England," reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and, pointing towards the white cliffs upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that Ground, in memory of the Foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column, — which was not completed at the time we were there.

Note 15. Page 67. line 8.

We mark majestic herds of cattle free
To ruminate —

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Every where one misses, in the cultivated scenery abroad, the animating and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

Note 16. Page 77. line 4.

A living hill, &c.

"While the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes and all was still." —

Dr. Darwin, describing the destruction of the army of Cambyses.

DESULTORY STANZAS.

DESULTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.

I.

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read—
How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more;—unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts—slighted objects rise—
My Spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

II.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoil'd—and wings alone could travel—there
I move at ease, and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight, — cities — plains — forests — and mighty
streams!

III.

Where mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—and yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue;

Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

IV.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—*there*, on frailer stone
Of secondary birth—the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch down-looking on the Vale,
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

V.

Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern Forks*,
Down the main avenue my sight can range:

* Les Fourches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that enclose the Valais, which terminates at St. Maurice.

And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows—torrents;—to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange—
But list! the avalanche—heart-striking sound!
Tumult by prompt repose and awful silence crown'd!

VI.

Is not the Chamois suited to his place?
The Eagle worthy of her ancestry?
—Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, Ye that occupy
Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount[1], there judge of fit and right,
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!

VII.

From this appropriate Court, renown'd Lucerne
Leads me to pace her honoured Bridge[2] — that cheers
The Patriot's heart with Pictures rude and stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the Lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a Stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, *Yet* voiceless as a Snake.

VIII.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral roll'd,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate — but see,
One after one, its Tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing One was born Mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

IX.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
— Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These simple Efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State, — the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august —
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!

X.

And those surrounding Mountains — but no more;
Time creepeth softly as the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like the floor
Of that wide rainbow-arch whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, Heaven in our neighbourhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future Lay.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 98. line 12.

Ye who convoked in Sarnen occupy.

Sarnen, one of the two Capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the Tyrant of that name, whose chateau formerly stood there. On the 1st of Jan. 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their Country, all the Castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their Creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their Strong-holds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The scite, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Note 2. Page 99. line 2.

Honoured Bridge.

The Bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the Passenger has, at the same time, the

benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent Country. The Pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the Passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these Bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

The following Stanzas were suggested by the "Tower of Tell," at Altorf, on the outside walls of which the chief exploits of the Hero are painted: it is said to stand upon the very ground where grew the Lime Tree against which his Son was placed when the Father's archery was put to proof under the circumstances so famous in Swiss History.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such as did the public meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, Burghers, Peasants, Warriors old,
Infants in arms, and Ye, that as ye go
Home-ward or School-ward, ape what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

But when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down — the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recals;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure, from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy Apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree,
Not quaking like the timid forest game;
He smiles — the hesitating shaft to free,
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father gives its own unerring aim.

In the 3d of the Desultory Stanzas, I am indebted to M. Ramond, who has written with genuine feeling on these subjects.

THE END.

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